instruments, the largest of all South American flutes, was later obtained by Nestor and given to us to bring back to England.

While the men are alone they carry out a trial of strength to establish the strongest members of the clan. Each man scourges the other on the back, between the head and the waist, with whips made from lianas and monkey hide. There is no fighting, but the women become more and more afraid as from the plantation they listen to their men's cries. With nightfall the sacred Jurupari flutes are carried away from the *maloca* and buried under water in a secret stream bed. The women and children can return now, and they dance and drink *cheché* throughout the night. The feast is open to everyone. It is said that any stranger who witnesses this strange masculine ceremony will be struck down by terrible misfortune known among the Tukano.

As a boy grows up he takes his place with the men. He has his own bow, arrows and curare. He takes cocaine and can wear the full feather head-dress in the tribal dances. He can also choose a wife from a neighbouring clan, and brings her back to live in his headman's *maloca* and share in the work of the plantation. Though the headman may have two wives, monogamy is the normal rule. Should a young man wish to be independent, he may leave the house of the headman and go off into the jungle to cut his own *chagra* and build his own house.

There is no incentive to communal living. There is always room for more [illegible] and individualism, and independence or friction often breaks the family [illegible] economic necessity rules it. On his new land a young husband will build a *maloca* and hunt when he has time. But he will do nothing more than that. It falls to the lot of his wife to provide the family with food. She manures, harvests and prepares it. She is responsible for [illegible]. She does the pottery, plaits the *ambare* fibre and makes the hammocks. She is the producer and to her falls the hardest work in their daily lives.

Unlike many of the Amazonian Indians who live in village communities, the Tukano [illegible] in their *malocas*. A *maloca* is the only centre of human life for miles around, cleared from the surrounding forest and placed sometimes a mile or more from the river, away from the sandflies, mosquitoes and other insects that plague the banks, and from the prying eyes of enemies and strangers. The only signs of life are the moored canoes, and it may be as much as an hour's walk before the *maloca* is reached along a narrow, almost indiscernible path, which at times seems to fade away into nothing – as indeed it is meant to.

A *maloca* is built in a [illegible] from end to end and

Tukano hunter with blowpipe, bow and arrows

[See p. 62 A]